

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, 1

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[Proprietor.]

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WHOLE NO. 639.

TERMS.

Three Dollars for one year, in advance.
Single copies, Ten Cents each.
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of Ten Lines or less for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance.
A liberal deduction will be made to persons advertising for three, six, nine, or twelve months.
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No advertisement inserted gratuitously.
Advertisements of an abusive nature will not be inserted at any price.
Announcing candidates Five Dollars, to be paid in advance in every case.
Job Printing of all kinds neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.

Repudiation.

The people of Tennessee generally are probably quite ignorant of the fact, that the holders of State bonds are bound to lose more than half the amount due them. When the newspapers tell us that Tennessee bonds in New York, are selling at 90 cents in the dollar, most persons understand that the bond-holder loses only ten per cent. on a bond which he received at par. A very little examination will show this to be an entire fallacy.

The bonds thus sold at ninety cents have been running on interest for years; and it is the principal and accumulated interest (or coupons) together that are sold for ninety cents on each dollar of the principal only. In other words the principal is sold at that rate, and the interest or coupons thrown in. Leaving this interest out of the reckoning, the bonds are sold for only about 55 cents in the dollar. Is this repudiation? Let us see.

The bond obliges the State of Tennessee to pay it when due, in current money of the United States, which at the time the bond was made was gold and silver. The bond has fallen due and the State has failed to pay it. It will bring only 55 cents in greenback, when the creditor is entitled to a dollar. Deduct from 55 cents the premium on gold, and it is reduced to 44. So the creditor gets 44 cents in gold in place of a hundred which the State promised to pay him. If he receives at par a bond of 1000 dollars, he loses FIVE HUNDRED AND SIXTY. As this loss plainly arises from the failure of the State to fulfill its contract, does it not thereby repudiate more than half its indebtedness?

It may be replied to this, that Tennessee is not able to pay its debts. That may be; but we think it right that the real condition of things should be made known.

DESTINY OF THE BLACKS OF THE SOUTH.—The New York Evening Post, in alluding to the various speculations concerning the fate of the blacks, very sensibly sums up the matter as follows:

If they do not work they will starve; if they cannot, having an equal chance, compete with white men in any calling or branch of business, they will by and by find out what they can do best, and then they will do that. Meantime, if politicians and newspaper philosophers will only leave them alone and be content to pay them for what service they get from them, as they do other men, the whole negro question will settle itself. And it has got in the end to settle itself—no amount of stirring will settle it.

One of our Tennessee exchanges describes another as "holding its left hand under the swallow tail of its constitutional dignity, and extending the white nosed wiper of interrogative pathos in its right."

THE IRON VAULT.

I live in San Francisco, and am a locksmith by trade. My calling is a strange one, and possesses a certain fascination rendering it one of the most agreeable of pursuits. Many who follow it see nothing but its returns in gold and silver. To me it has other charms than the money it produces. I am called upon, almost daily, to open doors and peer into long neglected apartments; to spring the stubborn locks of safes, and gloat upon the treasure piled within; to quietly enter the apartments of ladies with more beauty than discretion; to pick the locks of drawers containing peace destroying missives, that the dangerous evidences of wandering affection may not reach the eye of a husband, or father in possession of the missing key; to force the fastenings of cash boxes and depositories of records, telling of men made suddenly rich, of corporations plundered, of orphans robbed, of hopes crushed, of families ruined. Is there no charm in all this?—no food for speculation—no scope for the range of pleasant fancy? Then, who would not be a locksmith, though his face is begrimed with the soot of the forge, and his hands are stained with rust?

But I have a story to tell—not exactly a story, either—for a story implies the completion as well as the beginning of a narrative—and mine is scarcely more than the introduction to one. Let him who deals in things of fancy, write the rest. In the spring of 1856—I think it was April—I opened a little shop on Kearney street, and soon worked myself into a fair business. Late one evening a lady, closely veiled, entered my shop, and pulling from beneath a cloak a small japanned box, requested me to open it. The lock was curiously constructed, and I was all of an hour fitting it with a key.—The lady seemed nervous at the delay, and at length requested me to close the door. I was a little surprised at the suggestion, but of course complied. Shutting the door, and returning to my work, the lady withdrew her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as can well be imagined. There was a restlessness in the eye and a pallor in the cheek, however, which plainly told of a heart ill at ease, and in a moment every emotion for her had given place to that of pity.

"Perhaps you are not well, madam, and the night air is too chilly?" said I rather inquisitively.

I felt a rebuke in her reply: "In requesting you to close the door, I had no other object than to escape the attention of persons."

I did not reply, but thoughtfully continued my work. She resumed: "That little box contains valuable papers—private papers—and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen. I should not wish to have you remember that I ever came here on such an errand," she continued, with some hesitation, and giving me a look which it was no difficult matter to understand.

"Certainly, madam, if you desire it. If I cannot forget your face I will at least attempt to lose the recollection of ever seeing it here."

The lady bowed rather coldly at what I considered a fine compliment, and I proceeded with my work, satisfied that a sudden discovered partiality for me had nothing to do with the visit. Having succeeded, after much filing and fitting, in turning the lock, I was seized with a curiosity to get a glimpse at the precious contents of the box, and suddenly raising the lid, discovered a bundle of letters, and a daguerrotype, as I slowly passed the box to its owner. She seized it hurriedly, and placing the letters and picture in her pocket, locked the box, and drawing the veil over her face, pointed to the door. I opened it, and as she

passed into the street, she merely whispered—"Remember!" We met again, and I have been thus particular in describing her visit to the shop to render probable a subsequent recognition.

About two o'clock in the morning, in the latter part of May following, I was awoken by a gentle tap upon the window of the little room back of the shop, in which I had lodged. Thinking of burglars, I sprang out of bed, and in a moment was at the window, with a heavy hammer in my hand, which I usually kept at that time within convenient reach of my bedside.

"Who's there," I inquired, raising the hammer, and peering out into the darkness—for it was as dark as Egypt when under the curse of Israel's God.

"Hist!" exclaimed a figure, stepping in front of the window; "open the door, I have business for you."

"Rather past business hours, I should say; but who are you?" "No one that would harm you," returned the voice, which I imagined was rather feminine for a burglar's.

"Nor no one that can!" I replied, rather emphatically, by way of a warning as I tightened my grip upon the hammer, and proceeded to the door. I pushed back the bolt, and slowly opening the door, discovered the stranger already upon the steps.

"What do you want?" I abruptly inquired.

"I will tell you," answered the same soft voice, "if you dare open the door wide enough for me to enter."

"Come in," said I resolutely, throwing the door ajar, and proceeding to light the candle. Having succeeded, I turned to examine the visitor. He was a small neatly dressed gentleman, with a heavy raglan around his shoulders, and a blue cap drawn suspiciously over the eyes. As I advanced toward him, he seemed to hesitate a moment, then raised the cap from his forehead and looked me curiously in the face. I did not drop the candle, but I acknowledge to a little nervousness as I hurriedly placed the light on the table, and silently proceeded to invest myself with two or three very necessary articles of clothing. As the Lord liveth, my visitor was a lady, and the same for whom I opened the little box about a month before! Having completed my hasty toilette, I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but uttering failed. The fact is, I was confounded.

Smiling at my discomfiture, she said:

"Disguise is useless; I presume you recognize me?"

"I believe I told you, madam, I should not soon forget your face. In what way can I serve you?"

"By doing half an hour's work before daylight to-morrow, and receiving five hundred dollars for your labor," was the reply.

"It is not ordinary work," said I, inquiringly, "that commands so munificent a compensation."

"It is a labor common to your calling," returned the lady. "The price is not so much for the labor as the condition under which it must be performed."

"And what is the condition?" I inquired.

"That you will submit to being conveyed from and returned to your own door blindfolded."

Idea of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime to vilify, hurriedly presented themselves in succession, as I politely bowed, and said: "I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as the conditions, to accept your offer."

"Will not five hundred dollars answer in lieu of an explanation?" she inquired.

"No—nor five thousand."

She patted her foot nervously on the floor. I could see she had

placed entirely too low an estimate on my honesty, and I felt some gratification in being able to convince her of the fact.

"Well, then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain," she replied, "I must tell you that you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and—"

"You have got far enough, madam, with the explanation," I interrupted; "I am not at your service."

"As I said, you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and rescue from death a man who has been confined there for three days."

"To whom does the vault belong?" I inquired.

"My husband," was the somewhat reluctant reply.

"Then why so much secrecy! or rather, how came a man confined in such a place?"

"I secreted him there, to escape the observation of my husband. He suspected as much, and closed the door upon him. Presuming he had left the vault, and quitted the house by the back door, I did not dream, until to-day, that he was confined there. Certain suspicious acts of my husband this afternoon convince me that the man is there, beyond human hearing, and will be starved to death by my barbarous husband, unless immediately rescued. For three days he has not left the house. I drugged him less than an hour ago, and he is now so completely stupefied that the lock may be picked without his interference. I have searched his pockets, but could not find the key; hence my application to you. Now you know all; will you accompany me?"

"To the end of the world, madam, on such an errand."

"Then prepare yourself; there is a cab waiting at the door."

I was a little surprised, for I had not heard the sound of wheels. Hastily drawing on a coat, and providing myself with the required implements, I was soon at the door. There, sure enough, was the cab, with the driver in his seat, ready for the mysterious journey. I entered the vehicle, followed by the lady. As soon as I was seated she produced a heavy handkerchief, which, by the faint light of an adjacent street lamp, she carefully bound round my eyes. The lady seated herself beside me, and the cab started. In half an hour the vehicle stopped—in what part of the city I am entirely ignorant, as it was evidently driven in anything but a direct course from the point of starting.

Examining the bandage, to see that my vision was completely obscured the lady handed me the bundle of tools with which I was provided, then taking me by the arm, led me through a gate into a house, which I knew was of brick, and after taking me along a passage-way which could not have been less than fifty feet in length, and down a flight of stairs into what was evidently an underground basement, stopped beside a vault, and removed the handkerchief from my eyes.

"Here is the vault—open it," said she, springing the door of a dark lantern, and throwing a beam of light upon the lock.

I seized a bunch of skeleton keys, and after a few trials, which the lady seemed to watch with the most painful anxiety, sprang the bolt. The door swung upon its hinges, and my companion telling me not to close it, as it was self-locking, sprang into the vault. I did not follow. I heard the murmur of low voices within, and the next moment the lady re-appeared, and leaning upon her arm a man with face so pale and haggard that I started at the sight. How he must have suffered during the three days of his confinement!

"Remain here," she said, handing me the lantern; "I will be back in a moment."

The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter a room immediately above where I was standing. In less than a minute the lady returned.

"Shall I close it, madam?" said I, placing my hands upon the door of the vault.

"No! no!" she exclaimed, hastily seizing my arm; "It awaits another occupant!"

"Madam, you certainly do not intend to—"

"Are you ready?" she interrupted impatiently, holding the handkerchief to my eyes. The thought flashed across my mind that she intended to push me into the vault, and bury me and my secret together. She seemed to read the suspicion and continued: "Do not be alarmed. You are not the man!"

"I could not mistake the truth or the fearful meaning of the remark, and I shuddered as I bent my head to the handkerchief. My eyes were as carefully bandaged as before, and I was led to the cab, and thence driven home by a more circuitous route, if possible, than the one by which we came. Arriving in front of the house, the handkerchief was removed, and I stepped from the vehicle. A purse of five hundred dollars was placed in my hand, and in a moment the cab and its mysterious occupant had turned the corner and were out of sight.

I entered the shop, and the purse of gold was the only evidence I could summon in my bewilderment that all I had just done and witnessed was not a dream.

A month after that I saw the lady and the gentleman taken from the vault walking leisurely along Montgomery street. I do not know, but I believe the sleeping husband awoke within the vault, and his bones are there to-day.—The wife is still a resident of San Francisco.

A letter in the Alton Democrat gives particulars of the hanging of five men by the people of Jersey county, Illinois, for horse stealing. The slack administration of justice against this class of offenders, and the persistent refusal of grand juries to indict them, appears to have infuriated the people, and determined them to take the matter into their own hands. The opportunity arrived and was employed most effectively. The citizens declare that they have not yet finished, but that there are three more men who must be killed. There appears to have been no effort on the part of the authorities to arrest the bloody undertaking.

A SNAP JUDGMENT.—A clergyman on one occasion received no fee for marrying a parsimonious couple, and meeting them several months after in a social gathering, took up the baby and exclaimed: "I believe I have a mortgage on this child!" Baby's father rather than have an explanation before the company, quietly handed over a \$5 bill.

John H. Potts, late editor of the Crockett (Texas) Democrat, in utter disgust, has abandoned the newspaper business. In making this announcement he says: "We bid a long farewell to our late brethren of the press, never expecting to meet them in this world, or to be troubled with their presence in the next."

An Illinois judge has decided that a woman cannot maintain a suit for damages against her husband for putting her into an insane asylum under pretence that she is insane.

A New Haven man has been fined \$15 for refusing to aid the firemen at the clock shop fire last week, when called upon by proper authority.

Temple of the Muses.

A MIDNIGHT VISION.

'Tis midnight, Hal, and the tireless clock
Is tolling the hours away,
I cannot sleep, and this lone unrest
Has haunted my heart all day.
It is just six years ago, to-night,
Since they told me you were dead;
O Father, pity my aching heart—
O, my weary, throbbing head!

I can see your calm and saint-like face,
As you laid, so cold and still,
Ere they buried you in a sheltered place,
In the churchyard on the hill;
And six long years, with iron tread,
Have passed o'er my weary heart,
Since I've learned to speak of you as dead;
Though your name still makes me start.

And I can dream of the olden time,
When we both, dear Hal, were young,
And you read to me a quaint old rhyme;
And your voice hath ever rung,
All down the changing, troubled years,
Like a sweet Eolian strain—
Alas! that the sweet life-dream is gone;
Can no note come back again?

The hours wear on: I can hear each beat
Of this restless heart of mine;
O! I wonder how many weary hours
Are 'twixt my soul and thine.
Good night! good night! it is striking one—
Still I vainly pray for rest,
O! heaven must be so lovely, Hal,
Since thou art of the best.

The lamps are out down the silent street,
And the snow so cold and white,
Lays like a shroud set with glittering gems,
Round the dusky earth, to-night;
I wonder if spirits of loved ones
Ever visit this earth of ours?
If so, I think you are with me, Hal,
In these lonely midnight hours.

With this glad thought, my heart grows light,
And my burden less wearisome;
This midnight blackness flecked with light—
Are the angels in the room?
For your sweet sake I kneel and pray
For patience to bear my lot:
Till all my life-work is finished up,
May I weary or falter not.

A certain lady had a child whom she never allowed to be contradicted, for fear it would make him sick. Relatives, friends and husband told her she would spoil the child, but all was of no avail.—One day she heard him scream in the garden. On the instant she ran to ascertain the cause to be that the servant had refused to give him something that he wanted.

"You impertinent creature," said the mother to the servant, "not to give the child what he wants!"

"By my troth," said the girl, "he may cry till morning, and he'll not get it."

Enraged beyond her bounds at this reply, the lady ran for her husband to chastise the servant.

The husband who was as weak as his wife, cried out to the servant—

"You insolent creature, do you have the impudence to disobey your mistress?"

"It is true, sir, I did not obey her. The child has been crying for the moon, which he sees reflected in the fountain. I could not give it to him, though commanded by my mistress; perhaps she can do it."

A general laugh ensued, in which the lady, despite her anger, joined. It was a good lesson for her.

A writer in the Army and Navy Journal complains that grey-headed commanders and captains, the fathers of families of grown-up children, and often grandfathers, have been obliged to prance about on all fours, in an utter state of nudity, and go through with various gymnastic exercises in that condition to satisfy a group of surgeons—much their juniors—of their physical abilities to perform their duties at sea.

The negroes had a row among themselves in a church, in Mobile, on Sunday, which resulted in killing five and wounding a great many more of them.

If a man is doomed to the stake, he would generally prefer that it should be beef.

Ancient Masonic Memorials.

While digging in the various parts of England, for the purpose of securing foundations for new edifices, many ancient memorials have from time to time been brought to light, which seem to afford some evidence of the antiquity of Masonry, inasmuch as they have been of a character known and understood as appertaining to that ancient craft, and cannot properly be appropriated by others than operative Masons. They are, at least, of interest:

January 17th, 1712, in a ploughed field in the parish of Stunsford, near Woodford, Oxfordshire, was found an entire tessellated pavement of thirty-five feet in length, and twenty in breadth, formed of little square stones of the size of dice of various colors, and disposed in regular order. It appeared to have been constructed upwards of 1,400 years.

August 15th, 1733, a Roman pavement of mosaic work was discovered in digging for a foundation in Bishopsgate street, which must have been executed considerably more than one thousand seven hundred years!

April 15th, 1739, a mile beyond Stilton, a leaden coffin was dug up, containing a fresh skeleton, and there were also found many ancient coins in silver and brass, an urn containing ashes, on which was represented a female. It is supposed that these relics must have been there since the year 1308.

September 4th, 1707, a curious tessellated pavement was discovered in Lincolnshire, being twelve feet wide and thirty feet long, wrought in circles with a bust in the center, representing a man, in the same mosaic work as the pavement.

September 22, 1751, several workmen employed excavating upon the site of the ancient city of Avenicum, built by Vespasian, and destroyed in the fifteenth century; discovered a mosaic work sixty feet long and forty feet broad, with figures and ornaments well preserved. They also found several broken columns and valuable marble statues.

FAMILY NOMENCLATURE.—The "strange name" which recently appeared in an advertisement in the Canterbury papers in England, respecting claims on the estate of "Acts-Apostles Pegden," has brought out an explanation. Mr. Pegden had four elder brothers, who were named Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, in succession. When the happy parents were presented with their fifth son, they deemed it a matter of religion to adhere to the order of the calendar; and so when the infant Pegden was presented at the font, and the minister demanded "Name this child," the good parson was startled with the response, "Acts-Apostles." All remonstrance was vain. And so Mr. "Acts-Apostles Pegden" handed down a name to posterity.

A western critic, in speaking of a new play, says: "The unities are admirably observed; the dullness, which commences in the first act, never flags for a moment until the curtain falls."

A Mr. Pearl has sued for \$30,000 damages in the United States court at Nashville, on the ground of being driven from his home by the "vigilance committee" of that city in 1861.

Sometimes society gets tired of a man and hangs him. Sometimes a man gets tired of society and hangs himself. Bad rule that don't work both ways.

They are building a factory of such enormous size at Bridgeport, Ct., that the iron trusses of the roof alone will cost over \$81,000.